

THE
Words of a New Interlude,
CALLED THE
FOUR SEASONS
OR
LOVE in every AGE.

AND
Of all the Musical Entertainments,
IN THE
NEW OPERA,
CALLED THE
Island Princess,

OR THE
Generous Portuguese.
Performed at the THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. Mottaux.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Basset, at the George over against the Inner-Temple-
Lane in Fleetstreet. 1699.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
JAMES
MILNE
AND
JAMES
MILNE
JUNIOR
IN
THE
WEST
INDIES
1800
TO
1805
BY
JAMES
MILNE
JUNIOR
LONDON
PRINTED
BY
J. JOHNSON
ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
1806

PROLOGUE:

Sung by Mr. Leveridge.

1.

You've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,
They signifie nothing, or less than a Song.
To Sing you a Ballad this time we thought fit ;
For sound has oft nick'd you, when Sense cou'd not hit.

Then Ladies be kind,
And Gentlemen mind !

Wit-Carpers,
Play-Sharpers,
Loud Bullies,
Tame Callies,
Sowre Grumblers,
Wench-Bumblers,
Give Ear, ev'ry Man !
Mobb'd Sinners,
In Pinners,
Kept-Toppers,
Bench-Hoppers,
High-Fliers,
Pit-Plyers,

Be still, if you can !

You're all in Damnation for leading the Van.

2.

Ye Side-box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaux,
Admirers of—Self, and nice Judges of—Cloaths,
Who, now the War's over, cross boldly the Main,
Yet ne're were at Sieges, unless at Campeigne.

Spare

Spare all, on the Stage,
Love in every Age.

Young Tattles,
Wild Rattles,
Fan-Tearers,
Mask-Fleerers,
Old Coasters,
Love Boasters,
Who set up for Truth!

Young Graces,
Black Faces,
Some faded,
Some jaded,
Old Mothers,
And Others,

Who've yet a Colts-Tooth.

See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in youth,

3.

Ye Gallery haunters, who Love to Lie Snug,
And munch Apples or Cakes while some Neighbour you bug.
Ye loftier Genteels, who above us all sit,
And look down with contempt on the Mob in the Pit!

Here's what you like best,
Fig, Song, and the rest.

Free Laughters,
Close Gaffers,
Dry Joakers,
Old Soakers,
Kind Cousins
By Dozens,
Your Custom don't break!

Sly Spouses
With Blowzes,
Grave Horners,
In Corners,
Kind No-Wits,
Save-Poets,

Clap till your hands ake;

... we'll see the Whims take.

A C T II.
A MASQUE.

The Music by Mr. *Daniel Purcel.*
The words fitted to the Notes by the
Author.

*Several Arcadian Shepherds advance and express their
Joy for the News brought 'em.*

Whatever is mark'd thus (") is left out in the singing.

Mr. *Leveridge.*

Shepherd.

T H I S glorious Day, let Pleasures flow ;
Now Love and Hymen jar no more :
Ye Sports, appear, let Sorrow cease below !
Hither repair, the Golden Age restore.
Let Mortals share the Blessings of the Skies,
See *Jove* for ever cease to rove,
And own, tho' Nuptial Fewds arise,
No Joys can Vye with Lawful Love.

B.

A

Mr. Freeman.

A Shepherd.

Happy he who wisely chose
To taste of Love without his Woes.
"Happy She whose Charms improve
"The soft Delights of Harmless Love.

CHORUS.

*Change may raise a wanton Fire,
But Truth can best improve Desire,
And Kindles, never to expire.* }

Mr. Pate and Mr. Leveridge. Two Shepherds.

Cease, ye Rovers, cease to Range
Pleasure revels least in Change.
Wandering still, and still uneasy,
Nought can fix ye, nought can please ye;
While True Love, like Heav'nly Joys,
Never dies, and never cloy.

Mis. Champion.

A Shepherdess.

From drooping Minds let Sorrow fly,
Joy must reign, and Anguish die.
Souls who grieve for Coy Denying,
Hearts now raging, Wrethes dying,
Know, that Lovers who pursue,
Soon or late the Fair subdue.
Blame your Fear when you despair,
Not the wishing dying Fair.

A

Mr. Magnus's Boy.

A Shepherd.

All the Pleasures, Hymen brings
Lawful Sweets, and chaste Desires,
All the Pleasures Hymen brings,
Flow from ever-living Springs,
— And never-dying Fires.

Mis Lindsey.

A Shepherdess.

The Jolly Swains
That were roving o're Plains
From all Regions hither fly,
To claim kind Hymen's gentle Tye.
With their wanton Motions courting
Some lovely Maid
Whose Eyes persuade
To soft Delights, and am'rous Sporting.

Enter Swains and Shepherdesses, who dance.

Grand CHORUS

Love's Flame divinely burns:
The Golden Age returns.
Jove, Juno, and Cupid, and Hymen agree,
All Hearts thus are blest'd, and less happy when free.

ACT

ACT III.

A SONG.

Lovely Charmer, dearest Creature,
 Kind Invader of my heart,
 Grac'd with ev'ry guift of Nature,
 Rais'd with ev'ry grace of Art!
 Oh ! cou'd I but make thee love me,
 As thy Charms my heart have mov'd,
 None cou'd e're be blest above me,
 None cou'd e're be more belov'd.

ACT IV.

A Dialogue between a Clown and his Wife.

Sung by Mr. Pate, and Mr. Leveridge.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

Wife.

HOld, *John*, e're you leave me, i'troth I will know
 Whither so smugg'd up thus early you go?
 With clean Hands and Face,
 Your best Band with a Lace
 Your Sunday Reparel when you shou'd go Plough,
 So trim none wou'd think you a married Man now.

Hold,

Hold, *John*, e're you leave me, e'troth I will know
Whither so smugg'd up thus early you go?

Man. Go, *Joan*, I wo'n't tell you: To lead a sweet Life
I've learnt of my Betters to steal from my Wife.
Mayhaps with my Neighbour I'll dust it away,
Mayhaps play at Put, or some other such Play.

Wife. I guess at what game you'd be playing to day.

(follows him.)

Man. Don't plague me. The Devil's in Women I think.

Go, *Joan*, I tell thee I'm going to drink?

Come, prithee, don't think that I've got no more Grace:

Wife. Nay go, or I'll gi' thee a Dowse in the Face.
I'll find then some body to strike in your Place.

Why should you deny me? I never did you. *(Weeping.)*

Because I an't new, you won't give me my due,

But Troth, if you wo'not, another shall do.

Man. If thus you e're do,

Wife. Oh! how I'll belabour your Booby and You. *(Threatning.)*

If thus you e're do,

Oh how I'll belabour your Trollop and You.

Both. Oh how I'll belabour { your Booby } and You. *(They beat one another.)*

Wife. { your Trollop } and you, and you, *(Wheedling and crying.)*

Well, *John*, do not go,

And I wo'not do so,

Do not go, my dear *Johnny*,

My Precious, my Hony.

(She kisses him.)

Oh pray do not go,

And I wo'not do so.

Man. Adsooks by that buss I'm inveigled to stay,
Come, *Joan*, come and spoil me from going astray.

CHORUS.

Wife. Come, give your best Band.

Man. Here take my best Band.

Both. Now, give me thy hand.

Man. Thus 'tis with you Women.

Wife. Thus 'tis with you men.

Both. Whene're you fall out 'tis to fall in again.

C

An

An Incantation set by Mr. *D. Purcell*.

Hear thou by whom the rattling Thunder's hurl'd !
 Hear, Parent Sun, bright Eye, and Monarch of the
 (World.

Mr. *Bowen*.

Priest.

Hear, gentle Moon, pale Queen of Night,
 And ye refulgent Orbs of Light:
 Great Court of Heaven so ample and so high
 And all ye swarming Commons of the Sky.

C H O R U S.

O Skies ! O Sea ! O Earth ! O Hell ! on all
 Your Pow'rs we call.
 E're the Blasphemers fall,
 Oh hear our solemn call.

Mr. *Freeman*.

Another Priest.

Hear, ye friendly earthly Powers,
 Gods of kindly Fruits and Flowers,
 Who, unseen, delight to trip
 Where Birds flutter, hop, and skip,
 Where they warble, chirp, and coo,
 Where in Whispers Zephirs woo,
 Where poor Eccho sweetly grieves,
 And remurmurs thro' the Leaves.

And-

Mr. Pate.

Another Priest.

Rouse, ye Gods of the main !
 Take Vengeance on those who your Altars prophane.
 Hush no more the loud Storms ! Command them to blow,
 Till foaming with Rage the Waves roar as they flow,
 " While they heave and they swell,
 ' Toss the Slaves to the Skies, and then plunge 'em to hell.

Infernal Pow'rs, grim fullen sprights,
 Who fill our Souls with dire affrights !
 " By all your burning Lakes,
 " Your Furies, Racks, and Snakes.
 " By your cold Icy Seas
 " Where wretches lingring freeze,
 " By all the sobs and moans,
 " By all the bursting Groans,
 By all the dismal yell,
 And horrors of your hell,
 Your dreadful Pleasure tell.

End with the Verse, *Hear ye Gods of the main, &c.*

The Chorus is repeated.

O Skies ! O Sea ! O Earth ! O Hell ! on all
 Your Pow'rs we call.
 E're the Blasphemers fall,
 Oh hear our solemn call.

THE

The Enthusiastic S O N G.

Set, Sung, and Acted, by Mr. Leveridge.

OH Cease, cease, urge no more the God to swell my Breast !
 The Mansion dreads the greater Guest.
 But lo ! he comes ! I shake ! I feel, I feel his Sway,
 And now he hurries me along.
 Then, Crouds, believe, and, Kings, obey,
 'Tis Heav'n inspires the Song.

Haste ! To the Gods due Vengeance give.
 Hark ! From their Seats they cry,
 Who lets Blasphemers live,
 Shall by Blasphemers die.
 Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

“ Let the Sound
 “ Eccho all around.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance, Vengeance give.
 Beware ! Ten thousand, thousand threatning Ills I see !
 Invasions ! Wars ! Plagues ! Ruin ! Endless Woes !
 Ah wretched Isle, I weep for Thee,
 Save, save thy self, Relinquish the God's Blaspheming
 Now, now the Thunder roars. (Foes.
 The Earth now groans and quakes.
 The rising Main a Deluge pours.
 The World's Foundation shakes.
 Hell gapes ! The Fiends appear !
 Oh hold, ye angry Pow'rs, relent, or we despair.
 See, we fulfill
 On your Foes your dreadful Will.
 See the Throng,
 Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along.

Now

(9)

Now they tear'em, now they die ;
All applaud, and shout for Joy.

Peace returns, all Nature smiles
Happy Days now bless our Isles.
Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,
Merry Sports and Love go round.——

“ The Vision's o're ! ----The God deserts my Brest.
“ Hush ! gently bear me hence to Rest, *(he is led off.*

D

ACT

ACT V.

THE
FOUR SEASONS:
OR

Love in every Age,

A

Musical Interlude.

Set to Music by Mr. Jeremy Clarke.

This Entertainment was design'd for another Season, and another Occasion : And what is mark'd thus ("") is omitted.

THe Overture is a Symphony, lofty, yet gay : At the latter part, it changes to a flat adagio ; to which mournful Movement

Mr. Leveridge. The Genius of the Stage appears in a melancholic Posture, with attendants.

Genius. " Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, mourn.
" Mourn what all others bless, the Summer's warm Return.

Chorus of Attendants.

Mourn drooping, Seat of Pleasures, mourn !

Thy

" Thy darling Guests, thy fair, thy best Supports,
" For rival Fields forsake our lovely Sports :
" We grieve alone, while Birds and Shepherds Sing.
" Alas, we bear a Winter in the Spring.

C H O R U S.

Chorus. Mourn drooping Seat of Pleasures, Mourn !

Mr. Freeman. While a gay March is perform'd Apollo appears.

Appollo. Rouse, rouse, ye tuneful Sons of Art !
The God of Numbers and of Days,
Infusing Life in ev'ry Part,
Appears, your fainting hopes to raise.
" Advance in Crouds, soft Pleasures, sprightly Joys,
" Tune ev'ry Lyre, raise ev'ry voice.
" Advance, soft Pleasures, sprightly Joys.
" While your * *Amphion* plai'd, and Sung, * *Mr. Henry Purcel.*
" Your *Thebes* in decent Order sprung.
" Let harmony be thus employ'd,
" To raise what Discord has destroy'd ;
" And Musick, that ev'n Trees can move,
" Shall draw the Fair from ev'ry Grove.

Revive, ev'ry Pleasure, and die, ev'ry Care !
Ye Ages of Life, and ye Seasons appear !
Show now, that, as Love in all Ages can warm,
So Harmony here in all Seasons can charm.

The Chorus repeat from

Revive ev'ry Pleasure, and die ev'ry Care ! &c.

While the Chorus repeat that verse, the Scene changes, and discovers the four Seasons, on four several Stages. The Genius and some of his Attendants withdraw.

Enter

Miss Campion. *Enter a Girl of Thirteen or Fourteen years old.*

Girl.

MUST I a Girl for ever be!
 Will n'er my Mother marry me!
 They tell me I'm Pretty,
 They tell me I'm Witty:
 But when I would Marry,
 She cry's, I must tarry,
 Must I a Girl for ever be!
 Will ne're my Mother marry me!

Mr. Magnes's Boy.

Enter a Youth.

Youth.

OH! Miss! The Spring is come again,
 The pretty Birds sing, bill, and cooe.
 All dance in Couples on the Green:
 'Tis time we shou'd be doing too.
 My Dear, let's marry; then we'll try,
 Why Men and Maids together lye.

Girl.

Peace, naughty Thing! I heard one say
 That Marriage is no Children's Play.

Think you to have me for a Song?

Besides, they tell me I'm too young:

Boy.

No, now to wed betimes is common;

When e're you marry, you're a Woman,

Come, I must have you, quickly too,

Girl.

Fy, why d'you make so much ado?

(he kisses her.)

Boy.

Fy, I'm asham'd! Fy, what d'you do?

Both repeat their last last Line together.

Boy. Be quiet, or I'll call my Mother.

Girl. Nay, prethee, let me take another.

Both repeat their last Line together.

Boy. Another Kifs, and then ———

Girl. What then ?

Boy. Another, and another.

Girl. " I fear I should repent my Choice,

" And marry nothing but a Voice :

" But tho' 't wou'd spoil my Shape and Growth,

Wer't you a Man, I'd venture both.

Boy. Nay, never fear, you'll quickly know,

Tho I am little, soon I'll grow.

Girl. Oh, no, no, no. Oh, no, no, no.

Boy. Oh let us go. You'll find it so.

They repeat their last Line together for a Chorus.

(He goes off with her.)

The Dance of Spring here.

Enter two young Lasses with Baskets of Flowers, and Nofegays in their hands. They Dance.

Enter to them two young Sparks, the Lasses, dancing, offer 'em Nofegays, curtisying, and smiling. The Sparks make love to 'em and carry 'em off.

Mis Lindsey. *Enter a Country Lafs with a Rake, as at Hay-making.*

1.

" Oh Why thus alone must I pas the long day !

" Where a Gentleman by, 'twere sweet to make hay,

" And on the Grass coupled to jig it away.

" I'll then go sell all, ev'n my Rake and my Pail,

" To buy a high Topping, and hugeous long Tail.

" Your Powder'd wild Bores will then all come to woo,

" I'll learn how to flaunt it, and quickly come too,

" And serve a Town Husband, as other Wives do.

R

" I hate a dull Clown who knows hardly what's what,
 " Who shrugging and grinning stands twirling his Hat,
 " Nor dares tell a Body what he wou'd be at.
 " With smoke and worse Liquor he fots and he Feasts,
 " And instead of his Mistrefs he fondles his Beasts.
 " With his hands in his Pockets he whistling goes by,
 " Or by me on a Hay-cock he snoring does lie,
 " When the Booby much better himself might employ.

Mr. Leveridge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis sultry Weather, Pretty Maid,
 Come, let's retire to yonder shade.

(She stands bashfully
hiding her face.)

Pray, why so shy? Why thus d'ye stand?
 Sure 'Tis no Crime to touch your hand.
 Oh let me take a civil kiss!

(She Curtsies when he
kisses her.)

What harm is there in doing this?
 Fy, why d'ye cover thus your Brest?
 One Favour more, and then I'm blest.

(She bashfully puts
him off.)

Lass.

Oh pray, Sir.
 Nay, nay, Sir.
 Oh fie, Sir.
 Oh why, Sir,
 Why do you

Now pull me thus to you?

(Aside.) Oh what shall I say!

When a Gentleman suiter 'tis hard to say nay—
 I'm e'en out of Breath; Oh, dear! what d'ye do?
 Good La! Is it thus that you Gentlefolks woo.

Gent.

" Oh how the moments sweetly pass,
 " In shady Groves, upon the Grass,
 " With a fresh, sprightly Country Lass!

• Thus

" Thus fair with native Charms alone;
 " Modest, yet easie to be won :
 " She gives us ev'ry Joy in one.

Lass. Good, Sir, do not hold me.

Gent. Good Lass, do not fly.

Lass. What good can I do you ?

Gent. Come yonder, we'll try.

Lass. I vow, I can't find in my heart to deny.

Gent. Oh come to the Grove.

Lass. Oh I dare not, I swear.

I'm afraid of the Serpents that sting Women there.

One stung my poor Sister, and made her so swell,

'Tis now almost ninemonths, and she's not yet well.

Gent. Here, I give you a Charm

To keep you from harm.

*[he gives her
a Ring.]*

Secur'd by the Ring

Women venture the sting.

Lass. Oh! what shall I give you for such a fine Thing ?

Gent. Oh come, come, you'll give me another fine Thing.

*(He goes off with her, each repeating their
last verse.)*

[Exeunt.]

*Enter an African Lady, with Slaves who dance
with Timbrels. A Negro Lord makes
Love to her. They go off together.*

Enter

Mr. Pate. Enter a Lusty Strapping Middle-ag'd Widow all in Mourning. She weeps and blubbers.

OH my poor Husband! For ever he's gone!
 Alas! I'm undone.
 I sigh, and I moan.
 Must I these cold Nights lie alone!
 Alas! I'm undone —
 I did what I list:
 We kist, and we kist:
 But his Health soon he mist,
 And thro Business and Care he ceas'd to be gay;
 And at last, poor Soul! he dwindled away,
 We wrangled
 And jangled
 When in an ill mood,
 Yet often like Pigeons we bill'd and we coo'd.
 'Tis done.
 Oh! he's gone
 Alack, and alack
 I must now for ever do Penance in Black.

Mr. Leveridge. Enter a Drunken Officer, Reeling, he hickups.

Offi. **W**Hy, Widow, why Widow! What makes thee so sad?
 Art thou mad?
 If one Husband is gone, there are more to be had.
 Come, I'll be thy Hony! — Leave keeping a Pother,
 One Man like one Nail serves to drive out another.
Wi. How! Talk so to me! What, think you I'd Wed?
 'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Hony's dead.

Delay
Off. A Month! 'Tis an Age. You're mad to delay.
Wi. Most Widows now chuse e're the Funeral Day.
Off. Not I: I'll ne're do't. Fy, what would People say?
Off. They'll say, you're a Woman. Come, away with this Fan,
See! See! — here's a Shape! — here's a Grace, — here's a Leg!
I'll get thee with Twins, till a hundred and ten. (here's a Man,
Wi. You lie, — go, you'll talk at another rate then. *(She pats him*
Off. Then try me. *in a smiling way.*
Wi. Leave fooling.
Off. I'll do't by this Kifs.
By this, this, and this!
I'll be hang'd if I miss.
Wi. Oh should I do this!
Off. I will ease you of Pain.
Wi. Go, you're a sad Man!
Off. I'll kill thee with Kindness.
Wi. Ay, do if you can.

*They repeat their last Line, and
he hurries her away. Exeunt.*

*A French Country-woman with Grapes and other Fruits comes
in, in Wooden Shoes, a French Vintage-maker make Love to
her in a dance, and goes off with her.*

While

Mr. Crossfield.
Mis Lindsey.

Mis Campton.
The Boy.

While four of five Bars are perform'd
By a Thorough Base, enter an Old Gentle-
man, in an Old-fashion'd Dress, following
a Young Lass, or Girl, and pushing a Youth
from her. An Old Woman, in an Old-
fashion'd Dress, comes and Thrusts him
away from the Young Couple. The Old
Woman sings like one without Teeth.

Old Wom. **H**Old, good Mr. Fumble, Ey! What do you mean,
To court my Grand Daughter? She's scarce yet fifteen.
And you, H'usi'fe; why stay you? go get you to School.
Your Baby go dandle,
I'll handle
This doating old Tool.

Old Man.

Hold, hold!

Do not scold.

With my Grandson go cooe.

(He points to the Youth.

You love him I know.

Together go cooe!

" Good Lad, prethee do.

" Tho' he's somewhat bashful, he'll quickly come to
I'm not yet so old.

I long to be at her, to have and to hold.

I'll wed thee,

(To the Girl.

I'll bed thee,

I'll rouse thee,

I'll touze thee,

I'll give thee what's better and sweeter than Gold.

Girl.

No, no, you're too old.

Old Man.

Dear Girl, why so shy?

Girl.

Old Man, why so dry?

Old Wom.

Good Lad, how d'you do?

Boy.

Ne're the better for You.

Old Wom.

Hold! Boy! I am brisk yet,
And gayly can frisk it.

Old Man. I've yet three good Teeth, and a Stump :
And see I can caper and jump!

(Jumps.

Old Wom. Why thus do you shun her? What makes
you so bold?

(To the Boy.

Why thus do you shun him? What makes
you so bold?

(To the Girl.

*Boy and
Girl.*

Indeed you're to old.

(Crying as being frightened.

Too old, and too cold.

Old Man.

I find 'tis in vain!

(To the Old Woman.

Come, no longer let's strain.

Let the Young take the Young, Let the
Old take the Old.

(The Old Man
goes and takes the

We'll hug our selves warm, now the Wea-
ther is cold.

Old Woman by
the hand, and she
him, hugging one
another.

All the the four repeat the last two Lines as a Chorus.

*Enter a Dutch-woman with a Stove warming her self, her Cloaths
lin'd with Furs. An Old Miser makes Love to her in a Dance.*

Enter Cupid, who sings.

Come all, come all ——— (Enter the Ages and Seasons,

Let soft Desires your Hearts engage,

'Tis sweet to Love in ev'ry Age.

Ev'ry Season, ev'ry Creature,

Yields to Love, and courts his Joys.

None are Truer, none are Sweeter

When Discretion guides the Choice.

2 1 1 1 1

Cupid

Cupid with the Four Ages and the Four Seasons, mingle in a Dance while the following Grand Chorus is sung.

Grand Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

Hail, God of Desire!
Hail, God of the Year!
All Ages you fire.
All Seasons you cheer.
Thus ever conspire,
And reign ev'ry where,
Love blooms in our Spring.
"In our Summer it grows.
"In our Autumn 'tis ripe.
"In our Winter it glows.
The four Parts of Music answerable to the four Ages of Life and Seasons of the Year, sing each the Line that's suitable to them.
Then all together.

Hail, God of Desire!
Hail, God of the Year!
All Ages you fire.
All Seasons you cheer.
Thus ever conspire,
And reign ev'ry where.

Let soft Desires your Hearts engage,
'Tis sweet to love in ev'ry Age.
Ev'ry Season, ev'ry Creature
Tends to Love, and contrives Joy.
None are Thier, none are Sweets
When Discretion guides the Choice.

F I N I S